

# CHURCH



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## THE CHURCH RECORD.

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### Historical.

*From the Lambeth Manuscripts.*

A particular account of the late revolution at Boston in the colony and province of Massachusetts.

(CONCLUDED.)

After much talk, the conspirators (who were pleased to call themselves the council of safety) told them they were prisoners, and demanded the governor to give orders for the surrender of the fort, who told them as a prisoner he could not give orders, but if Mr. Randolph pleased, he might go and acquaint Captain Tressy with his circumstances. Mr. Randolph accepted that employment, but, on his way to the fort, the rabble resisted him, and some of them threatened to wash their hands in his heart's blood. Not long after the rabble entered the fort without opposition, and carried away Captain Tressy prisoner to the council, and Nelson was appointed commander thereof. On this they ordered the governor and the other gentlemen to withdraw to Mr. Usher's till they had further considered of matters. Thither they come guarded with a full company of musqueteers, and for the prevention of escapes, Foster was for placing sentinels on the top of the house that the prisoners might not run over the walls.

They had not been long in the house, till Waterhouse, another young Captain, came to order them to several prisons. That house was appointed for the governor, the common jail for Mr. Randolph, and the fort for the other gentleman.

So passed away the 18th of April; nothing happened that might be worthy of remark, but the Captain, to show his extraordinary care of the governor, came with a guard of soldiers to visit him in his chamber, where he happened to be then in his bed. The captain understanding this, and desiring to be sure, would needs see the governor's face to know whether he was really in bed or no, and that he might not run from him and his guards, was for securing his stockings and shoes.

The next day the violence of the people increased, and nothing would serve the heads of the faction but the possession of the *Rose* frigate and castle. The ship upon demand was delivered by the Lieutenant, and immediately stript of her sails; but the castle caused them no little trouble, for Ensign Pipon would not surrender it without an

order from his superior officer. It was therefore resolved that they would storm it, and endeavored to take it by force. To this end, many boats and other small vessels were prepared for the transportation of soldiers, who had certainly done and suffered great mischief had not Captain Tressy, at the request of the pretended council of safety, gone down with advice from the governor to the ensign, who thereupon followed such measures as the present necessity required, so the castle was delivered and Pipon brought up and clapped among the prisoners in the fort.

This seemed to please the people, and all things were in great quiet; but alas! this was but like a short calm before a destroying hurricane, for about eleven the country come in headed by one Shepherd, teacher of Lynn, who were like so many wild bears, and the leader mad with passion, or rather drunk with brandy, more savage than any of the followers. All the cry was against the governor and Mr. Randolph. The governor they would have delivered into their hands or secured in the fort, otherwise they would pull down the house about his ears and tear him in pieces.

This scared the pretended council of safety, for they were like young conjurors, who had raised a devil they could not govern. Away they come, trembling to the governor, and told him the violence of the people and his present danger; to whom he replied with a smiling countenance, they should not be so much concerned for him, but rather pity themselves, their wives and children, their posterity and country, for they might assure themselves there must be an account of that day's uproar; adding, withal, that while he had the government none of them suffered in person, or estate, and if they had raised the rabble which they could not govern, it behoved them to look to it. Whereupon they desired him to go to the fort; who answered he was their prisoner and must go whither they would carry him, and could freely go at the head of those who, as they said, were so extremely mad against him.

At their desires, though sick in bed, he gets up and goes along with them to the fort; but instead of that outrage which was pretended, not one on the whole route opened his mouth against him.

This done, and Mr. West, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Graham, and Mr. Tressy sent down prisoners to the castle, away go the country people to their respective homes, and our council of safety take the management of government to themselves; of which, that they might show how well they deserved the name, they first of all recalled all the forces from the eastward, and left the poor inhabitants to the savage and cruelty of the Indians, who a little after came down upon them, destroyed the cattle, plundered and burnt the houses, killed many and carried others into captivity. Next they

sent some considering men to Pemaquid and those parts which are far beyond the limits of their commonwealth, to seize upon the officers of the army, whereby tampering with and corrupting the soldiers, at length they accomplished their design, and barbarously treated them, tied their hands behind their backs, brought them as the vilest malefactors to Boston, and immediately committed them to jail, which was all the thanks they had for their winter's labor and service against the Indians.

On this some of the poor inhabitants out of the country came to the council and petitioned for succours, otherwise they and their families were inevitably ruined; but the patriots were not at leisure to commiserate their condition and grant their requests. The next news from those parts gave an account of miserable devastations, and ever since all the posts from the eastern country have been like Job's messengers, bringers of evil tidings.

It is thought the Bostoners out of policy, do not take care to prevent these mischiefs, that they may the easier continue the inhabitants their slaves, and keep the country in extreme poverty, for if rich men settle in those parts, and the people grow great, they of Boston must of necessity be low.

These new governors were hardly warm in their seats before the people were extremely weary of them and their government, and therefore were for erecting a court martial, or returning to the rules of the old charter. Which being promoted by the preachers, was carried with a *nemine contradicente*, so that many of the new upstart dictators were turned off with a feather in their caps; the thanks of the country for their past services.

Many also disliked Nelson's civility to the governor and were highly incensed that he permitted his friends to come and visit him. And besides this, prevented two villains of the guard from their bloody design of murdering the governor; insomuch that they cashired him from his office, and constituted an old, sullen, morose, single eyed hypocrite, formerly a rum punch maker to the privateers in Jamaica, captain, in Nelson's place, who sometimes would not suffer the governor's servants to come near him, nor his chaplain to visit him, but would search even his very dishes of meat, lest there should be letters hid among them.

Under this close confinement the governor labored, till at length the country, weary of the sport, would watch and guard no longer. Whereupon they resolved to send the governor to the castle, and turn West into the common jail, and thereby ease themselves of any more watching at the fort, which some would have immediately razed to the ground; pursuant to which resolve the governor was carried down to the castle, and continues prisoner in the custody of Captain Fairweather, who was very respectful to him, gave him liberty to



walk about the island, on which the castle is built, and freely admitted his friends to him; but of late there has come forth a peremptory decree from the pretended governor, that no man shall be allowed so much as to visit him, and the Captain is commanded to straiten his liberty, otherwise they will Nelsonize him and turn him out of commission.

Leaving the governor, I shall show what has become of the other prisoners. Mr. White, Mr. Ravenscroft, with many others who were clapt up because they would not bear arms and guard the governor, after five or six days unjust imprisonment without any warrant or color of law, they would have persuaded to steal, as it were, out of jail, paying only their fees; but they refused the kindness, and were for standing a trial, or else would go out as publicly as they came in, which at last was granted, after they had been cried about town to know whether any person had aught against them. Justice Foxcraft, after a long time, was admitted to bail. Justice Bullicant and Lt. Col. Lydeat got out by giving bond for their appearance. Captain Tressy and Ensign Pipon were dismissed by beat of drum; all the others continue close prisoners except two notorious and professed papists, whom they freely dismissed and took care to convey them safe to their own homes. Only the poor Church of England men continue sufferers, and can find neither mercy nor common justice.

Thus, sir, you have a brief account of the detestable design, which was conceived in malice, nourished by falsehood and lies, and brought forth in tumult and rebellion, every way odious and detestable. Yet I must add, how ugly soever it appears to the world, not half so horrid as some intended, and as it would most certainly have been had the least blood been spilt in the revolution. For one of the preachers was cutting the throats of all the established Church, and then, said he, very religiously, we shall never be troubled with them again. Another seriously declared to a gentleman in person, that if any blood had been spilt, they would have spared none of that communion. How, said the gentleman, what if a soldier should get drunk, quarrel and fight, must all have suffered? The party made answer, had there been any blood spilt, all of that communion had suffered. Others affirmed it was no more sin to kill such as they were, than to cut off a dog's neck.

I shall presume to give you a signal instance of their tender kindness to the Church of England. On the 16th of May, about four in the morning, there happened a fire at the north end of the town, which caused a great tumult among the inhabitants. A person of no mean quality of that communion, hearing a bustle in the street, opening the case-ment, looked out at the window, which a man full gray hairs observing, immediately vented his rancour against the Church of England and reviled her members, adding withal this is one of their gang that hath done the mischief. Another said we shall never be quiet whilst any of the Church of England are left among us. The widow woman tenant in part of the house which was burnt, was of the same communion, who in the time of the fire prayed the help of the people to save her goods; but received this religious answer, hang the popish harlot, let her and her goods perish. Afterward there was a contribution made, and the man whose house was burned, had above an hundred pounds given him, but this poor woman, who was a widow, had two small children and nothing to relieve herself withal, had not so much as a single penny of the whole collection. Here

is charity, and such a spirit of Christianity as was never known in the whole world but New-England.

This is all, sir, that occurs to my remembrance of the late revolution at Boston, and I would not have any think me partial in this narrative, because I make no mention of the governor's cruelty and wickedness, of his great furnace to torment the people in, and his dreadful mines, as some reported, to blow up the town; as also of his endeavors to make his escape—his passing two guards in woman's apparel, but being at last discovered by his shoes, as the worthy Mr. Byfield reported.

All stories, sir, which have not the least foundation of truth, and so gross and palpable that wise men will not credit, and to undeceive the too credulous world, if willing to be undeceived, I do declare, upon certain knowledge, are falsehoods and lies, the inventions of wicked men, spread abroad on purpose to render the governor odious to his people. Like these are many other aspersions, which are cast upon him, and therefore, I hope, will not be entertained as credible by sober and thinking persons, before they have firmer grounds for belief than the words of some few angry and peevish animals, who, to gratify their revenge, have learnt this property of the devil *fortiter calumniari*, and make no scruple to tell lies for advantage.

Had the governor written after their copy, taken directions from their preachers, permitted the privateers to have their wonted resort among them, and allowed them freely to break the Acts of Trade, he had been the best of men—little less than a reputed god. For the prohibition of these irregularities made his government intolerable, which will be plainly demonstrated from their words and practices since the revolt.

Their discourse was much about their valor and greatness, that now they were a free people, and should the crown of England send them a governor, they would not receive him; for they wanted not the assistance of England, neither had England any thing of dominion over them. They had got the government by the sword, and they would keep it by the sword. If it should come to the worst, they could make it a free port, and their privateers would defend them.

More villainies were committed in six weeks after the revolt than in the whole time of Sir Edmund's government. Houses were broken open and robbed; men set at liberty who were imprisoned on execution for debt, and known pirates and murderers freely discharged the jail. No man safe in person or estate, no relief for the greatest injury or wrong. The Acts of Trade were publicly broken, and boats loaded with hogsheads of tobacco went up the river at noon day. That they might not plead ignorance in the matter, one of the gentlemen imprisoned in the castle desired the captain to take notice of it. They sent vessels among the French and Indians with ammunition and provision, although in open hostility against us, who in all likelihood have with the same powder and bullets which they bought of the Bostoners, killed many of their Majesties' subjects and destroyed the best part of the country. Fosters' and Waterhouse's trading amongst them, was the public discourse of the town, and that in little more than two months with a small bark, gained 500*l*. Captain Nicholson found another Bostoner trading among them, as he was on his voyage from New York. Two select companies stole vessels and went out a privateering, and a third was preparing. There was certain intelligence that the first had

done a great deal of mischief, and pillaged vessels on the coast of Virginia.

A pirate lay just without the harbor, between the Capes, and the Rose frigate would not be permitted to go out and take him, or so much as to chase him away from the coast; but the man of war must lay in the harbor like an old wreck stript of all her sails and apparel, although twenty thousand pounds security was offered, and the captain not so much as allowed to command his men; but the pirate at liberty to do what he listed with the ships on the coasts.

All this, sir, is notoriously true, and I can further add, many discoursed of sending ships to Holland and Scotland; and upon very credible information, there is lately arrived in Scotland directly from Boston a vessel laden with the enumerated commodities of the plantations. And if they show themselves so early, what may a man judge will be their actions when they come to be warm in government; especially if it be considered that those who are lords paramount are the greatest offenders, and some of the chief in government the very men who most notoriously break the Acts of Trade.

TO THE MOST REV. *his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Memorial and Petition of Thomas Coram, most humbly sheweth:*

That your memorialist hath, in the prime and best part of his life, had long experience in North America, where he resided ten successive years in the several reigns of their late Majesties King William and Queen Anne, to promote, carry on, and conduct ship building at his Majesty's plantations of New England, on account of some considerable merchants of London, and he carried for that purpose from thither divers shipwrights and other proper and necessary hands, and also a great quantity of merchandise for the better carrying on ship building and commerce in and from those parts.

That your memorialist by his long experience in those parts, was enabled and has contributed toward something for promoting the honor and advantage of his Majesty's crown and kingdom, and he does most humbly conceive and greatly hope that by the favor of your grace, he may be enabled now to do somewhat else which will doubtless prove for the honor and service of his Majesty, and the advantage of the British nation, and the future security of many British subjects, in those parts of his majesty's dominions.

That your memorialist on his first coming into these parts fifty four years past observed the inhabitants, from the highest to the lowest of the whole country then settled with English inhabitants, six or seven hundred miles in length all along the sea coast from Virginia northward, through ten or more separate governments, were different sorts of dissenters from the Church of England (chiefly Independents) and they have large privileges by their respective grants or charters from the crown. The Independents were the most numerous and the most malignantly inveterate, and so they governed in church and state affairs, no care being taken to have it otherwise, and those Independents from their first settling in those parts were always very zealous and careful to establish schools and learning in their own way, and have a free school with an able school master to it in every township, so they call it (they will not allow it to be called a parish) and they very early established with Independent officers and tutors, a college for university learning, which they named Harvard College, from the principal founder



of it; and an additional college since named Stouton College was founded about fifty years past by Mr. Stouton, their late lieutenant governor, (who formerly had been an Independent teacher) and a third college of the same sort is erected there since, all near to each other, at a fine healthy pleasant place, named Cambridge, within a very few miles of Boston, their metropolis, in the province and under the government of Massachusetts, and a college since of the same sort is established at New Haven, in the colony or plantation of Connecticut, in New-England, and there are measures now taking for establishing such a college in the New Jerseys; but no care has yet been taken to establish learning in those northern parts of America for the honor and advantage of the Church of England.

That in the years 1693 and 1694, and some time after, there was but one minister of the Church of England in all the inhabited part of the English empire in America, settled by ten or more different colonies contiguous, but under different sorts of government, 600 or 700 miles in length or more on the sea coast from Virginia northward to the utmost extent of the then settled and inhabited English country on the mainland of America. The said minister, whose name was Mr. Hutton, was a very worthless man; he resided at Boston, and was utterly unfit to gain or reconcile to the Church such dissenters so strongly inveterate against it; but he was far from ever attempting to do so, for he would frequently on Saturday nights set up and play at cards all or the greatest part of the night in company with an Irish butcher and an Irish barber, and another or more of such of his acquaintance, whereby he was usually so much disordered, which prevented him from officiating next day at Church, which gave its numerous enemies great opportunities to ridicule against it, and those few inhabitants of the large town of Boston who were desirous to go to Church, were very often disappointed and greatly discouraged.

That your memorialist, from his long experience, most humbly conceives it would be greatly for the honor and advantage of the Church of England, and also be a certain means of causing a continual increasing benefit to this kingdom, as well as perpetual future security to the British subjects in those parts of his Majesty's American dominions. If that by his Majesty's authority, a proper and commodious quantity of ground in some part of the foresaid pleasant and healthful place named Cambridge, in New England, should be purchased, and thereupon be built, and properly furnished, a good college to be named the King's College, and be properly established for promoting the best learning whereby his Majesty's subjects in and near those parts of North America may, for the future, have the advantage of the best and most effectual education. And, moreover, for the said college to be encouraged and enabled to gain and bring over, and secure to the British interest, the nations or tribes of Indian natives inhabiting the wilderness nearest to the said British colonies or settlements, and also to maintain and properly to instruct a fit number of the children of those natives, which would, doubtless, produce perpetual security and advantage to his Majesty's subjects in those northern parts of America, for that those Indians are grateful and kind if well used. But through the want of care and good usage from the English in times past to those Indians, they, therefore, become enemies, and do continually embrace all opportunities to join the French against the English, greatly to their destructive damage, as

too often has appeared in all those parts of North America.

That if the King will be most graciously pleased to countenance and encourage an undertaking for the accomplishing these good purposes, many of his Majesty's good subjects would doubtless most cheerfully contribute toward carrying forward so good a work, your memorialist doth therefore most humbly hope that upon the King's happy return to his kingdom, your grace may be pleased to move his Majesty to be graciously pleased to countenance and encourage this conceived so necessary undertaking for the vast advantage of the Church and State.

That if your grace shall approve of this foregoing proposal, and will on the King's happy return, be pleased to move his Majesty for to countenance and encourage the undertaking of this good work, your memorialist will in the meantime (without desire or view of interest or advantage, thereby to himself) gladly endeavor to the utmost that his old age and decayed strength will permit him, for to engage a numbers of his Majesty's wealthy good subjects to join in subscribing a proper instrument whereby they may declare they will readily contribute towards the carrying on this good work to perfection: provided the King will be most graciously pleased to approve the undertaking of it, and to authorize and appoint a fit number of honorable and proper persons well qualified to conduct and manage all the affairs for and towards the erecting and establishing the said college in the best and most proper manner, and that they will duly receive, faithfully apply, and truly account for, all the monies that shall be given, and shall cause it to be applied to the best advantage, for and towards executing the good purposes of erecting and properly establishing the said proposed college of university learning at Cambridge in New-England, for the honor and advantage of the Church of England in those parts of the British empire in America.

May it therefore please your Grace to take the premises into mature consideration, and to vouchsafe to instruct your memorialist how he may properly act for and towards the setting forward the aforesaid good purposes as to your Grace in your great wisdom may seem meet.

And your petitioner shall as in duty, pray, &c.  
THOMAS CORAM.

### Practical Christianity.

#### EXHIBITION OF CHRIST IN THE SACRAMENTS.

Our Sacraments are nothing else but evangelical types or shadows of some more perfect substance. For as the legal sacrifices were the shadows of Christ expected and wrapped up in a cloud of predictions, and in the loins of his predecessors; so this new mystical sacrifice of the Gospel is a shadow of Christ, risen indeed, but yet hidden from us under the cloud of those heavens which shall contain Him until the dissolution of all things. For the whole heavens are but as one great cloud, which intercepts the lustre of that Sun of Righteousness who enlighteneth every one that cometh into the world.

One main and principal end of this Sacrament is, to be an instrument fitted unto the measure of our present estate, for the exhibition or conveyance of Christ, with the benefits of his passion, unto the faithful soul; an end, not proper to this mystery alone, but common to it, with all those legal sacraments which were mere thick shadows of the Jew-

ish Church; for even they in the Red Sea did pass through Christ, who was their way; in the manna and rock, did eat and drink Christ, who was their life; in the brazen serpent, did behold Christ, who was their Saviour; in their daily sacrifices, did prefigure Christ, who was their truth; in their Passover, did eat Christ, by whose blood they were sprinkled.—*Bishop Reynolds.*

#### TRUE GENTLENESS.

True gentleness is founded on a sense of what we owe to Him who made us, and to the common nature of which we all share. It arises from reflection on our own failings and wants; and from just views of the condition and the duty of man. It is native feeling heightened and improved by principle. It is the heart which easily relents, which feels for every thing that is human, and is backward and slow to inflict the least wound. It is affable in its address and mild in its demeanor, ever ready to oblige and willing to be obliged by others, breathing habitual kindness towards friends, courtesy to strangers, long suffering to enemies. It exercises authority with moderation, administers reproof with tenderness, confers favour with ease and modesty. It is unassuming in opinion, and temperate in zeal. It contends not eagerly about trifles, is slow to contradict, and still slower to blame; but prompt to allay dissension and restore peace. It neither intermeddles unnecessarily with the affairs nor pries inquisitively into the secrets of others. It delights, above all things, to alleviate distress, and if it cannot dry up the falling tear, to soothe at least the grieving heart. Where it has not the power of being useful it is never burdensome; it seeks to please rather than to shine and dazzle, and conceals with care that superiority either of talent or of rank which is oppressive to those who are beneath it. In a word, it is that spirit, and that tenor of manners, which the Gospel of Christ enjoins when it commands us to "bear one another's burdens;" "to rejoice with those who rejoice, and to weep with those who weep;" "to please every one his neighbour for his good;" "to be kind and tender hearted;" "to be pitiful and courteous;" "to support the weak and to be patient towards all men."—*Blair.*

#### NEGLECT OF WARNINGS.

There is one great sin, which nevertheless may not be amongst the number of those of which we are sensible, and of which our own consciences accuse us; and that sin is, the neglect of warnings.

It is our duty to consider this life throughout as a probationary state: nor do we ever think truly or act rightly but so long as we have this consideration fully before our eyes. Now one character of a state suited to qualify and prepare rational and improvable creatures for a better state, consists in the warnings which it is constantly giving them; and the providence of God, by placing us in such a state, becomes the author of these warnings. It is his paternal care which admonishes us by and through the events of life and death that pass before us; therefore it is a sin against Providence to neglect them. It is hardness and determination in sin; or it is blindness, which in whole or in part is wilful; or it is giddiness, and levity, and contemptuousness, in a subject which admits not of these dispositions towards it without great offence to God.

A serious man hardly ever passes a day, never a week, without meeting some warning to his conscience; without something to call to his mind his situation with respect to his future life. And these warnings, as perhaps was proper, come the thicker



upon us the farther we advance in life. The dropping into the grave of our acquaintance and friends and relations; what can be better calculated, not to prove, for we do not want the point to be proved, but to possess our hearts with a complete sense and perception of the extreme peril and hourly precariousness of our condition; viz. to teach this momentous lesson, that when we preach to you concerning heaven and hell, we are not preaching concerning things at a distance, things remote, things long before they come to pass; but concerning things near, soon to be decided, in a very short time to be fixed one way or the other. This is a truth of which we are warned by the course of mortality; yet, with this truth confessed, with these warnings before us, we venture upon sin. But it will be said, that the events which ought to warn us are out of our mind at the time. But this is not so. Were it that these things came to pass in the wide world only at large, it might be that we should seldom hear of them, or soon forget them. But the events take place when we ourselves are within our own doors; in our own families; amongst those with whom we have the most constant correspondence, the closest intimacy, the strictest connexion. It is impossible to say that such events can be out of our minds; nor is it the fact. The fact is, that knowing them we act in defiance of them; which is neglecting warnings in the worst sense possible. It aggravates the daringness, it aggravates the desperateness of sin; but it is so nevertheless. Supposing these warnings to be sent by Providence, or that we believe, and have reason to believe, and ought to believe, that they are so sent, then the aggravation is very great.

We have warnings of every kind. Even youth itself is continually warned that there is no reliance to be placed either on strength, or constitution, or early age: that if they count upon life as a thing to be reckoned secure for a considerable number of years, they calculate most falsely; and if they act upon this calculation, by allowing themselves in the vices which are incidental to their years, under a notion that it will be long before they shall have to answer for them, and before that time come they shall have abundant season for repenting and amending; if they suffer such arguments to enter into their minds, and act upon them, then are they guilty of neglecting God in his warnings. They not only err in point of just reasoning, but they neglect the warnings which God has expressly set before them. Or if they take upon themselves to consider religion as a thing not made or calculated for them, as much too serious for their years; as made and intended for the old and the dying; at least, as what is unnecessary to be entered upon at present; as what may be postponed to a more suitable time of life; whenever they think thus they think very presumptuously; they are justly chargeable with neglecting warnings. And what is the event? These postponers never enter upon religion at all in earnest or effectually; that is the end and event of the matter. To account for this shall we say, that they have so offended God, by neglecting his warnings, as to have forfeited his grace? Certainly, we may say, that this is not the method of obtaining his grace; that his grace is necessary to our conversion; neglecting warnings is not the way to obtain God's grace; and God's grace is necessary to conversion. The young, I repeat again, want not warnings. Is it new? Is it unheard of? Is it not, on the contrary, the intelligence of every week, the experience of every neighbourhood, that young men and young women are cut off. Man is, in every sense, a flower of the field.

The flower is liable to be cut down in its bloom and perfection, as well as in its witherings and decays. So is man; and one probable cause of this ordination of providence is, that no one of any age may be so confident of life, as to allow himself to transgress God's laws; that all of every age may live in constant awe of their Maker.—*Archdeacon Paley.*

#### SIN, A FALL.

No man falls lower than he that falls into a course of sin: sin is a fall; it is not only a deviation, a turning out of the way, upon the right or the left hand, but it is a sinking, a falling; in the other case, of going out of the way, a man may stand upon the way and inquire, and then proceed in the way if he be right, or to the way if he be wrong; but when he is fallen and lies still, he proceeds no further, inquires no further. To be too apt to conceive scruples in matters of religion, stops and retards a man in the way; to mistake some points in the truth of religion, puts a man for that time in a wrong way; but to fall into a course of sin, this makes him insensible of any end that he hath to go to, of any way that he hath to go by. God hath not removed man, not withdrawn man from this earth: He hath not given him the air to fly in, as to birds, nor spheres to move in, as to sun and moon; He hath left him upon the earth; and not only to tread upon it, as in contempt, or in mere dominion, but to walk upon it, in the discharge of the duties of his calling; and so to be conversant with the earth, is not a falling. But as when man was nothing but earth, nothing but a body, he lay flat upon the earth, his mouth kissed the earth, his hands embraced the earth, his eyes respected the earth; and then God breathed the breath of life into him, and that raised him so far from the earth as that only one part of his body (the soles of his feet,) touches it; and yet man, so raised by God, by sin fell lower to the earth again than before,—from the face of the earth to the womb, to the bowels, to the grave; so God, finding the whole man, as low as he found Adam's body then, fallen in original sin, yet erects us by a new breath of life, in the sacrament of baptism; and yet we fall lower than before we were raised, from original into actual, into habitual sins; so low, as we think not that we need, know not that there is, a resurrection, and that is the wonderful, the fearful fall.—*Donne.*

#### CONTENTMENT.

It is one property which (they say) is required of those who seek for the philosopher's stone, that they must not do it with any covetous desire to be rich; for otherwise they shall never find it. But most true it is that whosoever would have this jewel of contentment, (which turns all into gold, yea, want into wealth,) must come with minds divested of all ambitious and covetous thoughts, else are they never likely to obtain it.

Contentment is an humble and willing submitting ourselves to God's pleasure in all conditions. Thus it makes men carry themselves gracefully in wealth, want, in health, sickness, freedom, fetters, yea, in what condition soever God allots them.

Pious meditations much advantage contentment in adversity. Such as these are to consider, first, that more are beneath us than above us; secondly, many of God's dear saints have been in the same condition; thirdly, we want superfluities, rather than necessities; fourthly, the more we have, the more must we account for; fifthly, earthly blessings, through man's corruption, are more prone to

be abused than well used; sixthly, we must leave all earthly wealth at our death, and "riches avail not in the day of wrath;" seventhly, the less we have the less it will grieve us to leave this world; and lastly, it is the will of God, and therefore both for his glory and our own good, whereof we ought to be well assured.—*Fuller.*

#### FAITH AND REASON.

Now the universality of this mercy, hath God enlarged and extended very far, in that He proposes it even to our knowledge; *scient*, let all know it. It is not only *credant*, let all believe it; for the infusing of faith is not in our power; but God hath put it in our power to satisfy their reason, and to chafe that wax to which He himself vouchsafes to set the great seal of faith. And that St. Jerome takes to be most properly his commission: *Tentemus animas quæ deficiunt a fide, naturalibus rationibus adjuvare*: Let us endeavor to assist them who are weak in faith with the strength of reason. And truly it is very well worthy of a serious consideration, that whereas all the articles of our creed are objects of faith, so as that we are bound to receive them *de fide*, as matters of faith, yet God hath left that, out of which all these articles are to be deduced and proved, (that is, the Scripture,) to human arguments. It is not an article of the creed, to believe these books to be or not to be canonical Scripture; but our arguments for the Scripture are human arguments, proportioned to the reason of a natural man. God does not seal in water, in the fluid and transitory imaginations and opinions of men; we never set the seal of faith to them; but in wax, in the rectified reason of man, that reason that is ductile, and flexible, and pliant to the impressions that are naturally proportioned unto it, God sets his seal of faith. They are not continual, but they are contiguous; they flow not from one another, but they touch one another; they are not both of a piece, but they enwrap one another—faith and reason. Faith itself, by the prophet Isaiah, is called knowledge: "By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many," says God of Christ; that is, by that knowledge that men shall have of him. So Zacharias expresses it at the circumcision of John Baptist, "that he was to give knowledge of salvation for the remission of sins."—*Donne.*

SOME people are weak enough to believe, or are so weak as to imagine, that the religious character must necessarily be accompanied with, and distinguished from, all others by a formal, precise, and reserved deportment, an austerity in the countenance and actions, a cautious avoiding of all intercourse or civil communication with those who do not, in their whole outward behaviour, conform to a certain standard which answers to their idea of a religious man.

Others, again, place this singularity in a perpetual talking upon religious subjects; their whole conversation, be they where they will, consists of nothing but common place maxims, scriptural quotations, and seemingly pious remarks upon every occurrence they meet with in the course of the day; or, what is still worse, of vain and useless disputes about modes of faith, doctrine, or worship. All this may very properly be called the pedantry of religion; and, like that of human learning, is a sure proof that their knowledge and experience are extremely superficial. Many of these solemn triflers do we daily meet with, who value themselves upon this affected singularity,



and think they show a vast deal of religious heroism, by talking in a strain which they know to be exceedingly mortifying to the generality of their neighbors. But such persons as these would do well to take our Lord's advice, and seriously inquire what manner of spirit they are of; they would do well to examine their own hearts, and try whether they cannot discover a secret spring of spiritual pride, which sets their tongue in motion; and whether a word or two dropt in season, seemingly without design, and in a spirit of meekness, humility and condescension to their brethren, would not have a much surer and better effect than all their vain and empty babblings.

Far be it from me, to discourage a truly religious conversation; but there is a meekness of wisdom, as the Scripture beautifully expresses it, that will modestly avail itself of every favorable opportunity, and with a becoming zeal exert itself in the cause of truth. They who best know themselves are certainly best acquainted with human nature. Such persons will ever be careful, in their conversation and deportment, to be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves; to become all things to all men; that is, to study the various prejudices and infirmities of men, and form their discourse and conduct in such a manner, as will not have any tendency to disgust or affront them: but on the other hand, by forbearance and gentleness, will win their hearts, and thus command their attention.

#### THE WANTS OF MAN.

It is notorious, that man in society is incessantly giving the affront to the public laws; to oppose which, the community is as constantly busied in adding new strength and force to its ordinances. If we inquire into the cause of this perversity, we shall find it no other than the number and the violence of the appetites. The appetites take their birth from our real or imaginary wants: our REAL wants are unalterably the same; and, as arising only from the natural imbecility of our condition, extremely few and easily relieved. Our FANTASTIC wants are infinitely numerous, to be brought under no certain measure or standard; and increasing exactly in proportion to our improvements in the arts of life. But the arts of life owe their original to society: and the more perfect the policy, the higher do those improvements arise; and, with them are our wants, as we say, proportionably increased, and our appetites inflamed. For the violence of these appetites which seek the gratification of our imaginary wants, is much stronger than that raised by our real wants; not only because those wants are more numerous, which give constant exercise to the appetites; and more unreasonable, which make the gratification proportionably difficult; and altogether unnatural, to which there is no measure; but principally because vicious custom hath affixed a kind of reputation to the gratification of the fantastic wants, which it hath not done to the relief of the real ones. So that when things are in this state, even the most provident laws, without other assistance, are insufficient. But in a state of nature, unconscious of the arts of life, men's wants are only real; and these wants few and easily supplied, for food and covering are all which are necessary to support our being. And Providence is abundant in its provisions for these wants: and while there is more than enough for all, it can hardly be that there should be disputes about each man's share.—*Bishop Warburton.*

RELIGION is for the man in humble life, and to raise his nature, and to put him in mind of a state in which the privileges of opulence will cease

when he will be equal by nature, and may be more than equal by virtue.—*E. Burke.*

### Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

#### MAINE.

The Rev. Wm. S. Bartlett has resigned the rectorship of Emmanuel Church, Little Falls, and removed to Gardiner, Maine.—*Gos. Mess.*

#### MASSACHUSETTS.

CONVENTION OF THE EASTERN DIOCESE.—The diocesan convention assembled, according to appointment, in St. Paul's Church, Dedham, on Wednesday, Sept. 29th, at 9 o'clock, A. M. The bishop took the chair, and called the convention to order. A respectable number of the clergy and lay delegates were present. The Rev. D. L. B. Goodwin was unanimously reelected secretary, and the following gentlemen chosen members of the standing committee: Revs. Thomas M. Clark, N. B. Crocker, D. D., Alfred L. Baur, James Pratt, and John L. Watson, of the clergy; Messrs. E. A. Newton, S. T. Northam, E. S. Rand, and J. C. Merrill, of the laity. Trustees of the Episcopal fund: Messrs. W. D. Sohler, William Appleton, G. S. Wardwell, and Rev. Dr. Boyle; the latter gentleman to be secretary and treasurer. B. P. Richardson, Esq., was elected treasurer of the Easter collections.

The convention then adjourned to attend divine service.

At the meeting of the convention in the afternoon, the bishop presented his annual Address, which was listened to with deep interest. It is an interesting and important document, and will well repay a careful reading.

The proceedings of the convention was conducted with despatch, and great harmony prevailed; the attendance of the clergy was more numerous than usual.

Towards the close of the session, the bishop left the chair, and the Rev. Mr. Edson was elected president.

In accordance with the desire expressed in the bishop's address, the convention appointed a committee, consisting of Rev. Messrs. A. H. Vinton, Pratt, and Howe, to call the attention of the several dioceses composing the Eastern diocese to so much of the address as referred to the subject of affording him assistance in the Episcopate.—*Ch. Witness.*

We take the following extracts from the bishop's Address:

"I would also take this occasion of recommending to all people, under my pastoral supervision, to adhere steadfastly to the standards of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The more carefully and candidly these standards are examined, the more evidently will it appear that the Reformers of this Church have through the blessing of God, most happily retained whatever appertains to true Christianity, as revealed in the sure word of God. Our doctrines and worship, and our order and discipline, are a just and orthodox medium between idolatrous corruptions and superstition on the one hand, and heresy and schism on the other. I mention this the rather, because the objections which have formerly been very much urged against this Church as having retained something of the ancient corruptions, which objections had almost ceased to be urged, are now being revived, and much increased, some saying, and others fearing, that we are returning back to the errors from which we profess to be reformed. A plain road lies before us. Let us 'go forward' according to

our present institutions, trusting in God, and turning not to the right hand or to the left, and we have nothing to fear.

"In conclusion, I would repeat what I have heretofore repeated, that when, either now or hereafter, the good of the Church requires, or shall require, that other bishops, one or more be appointed, for the States which compose this Eastern diocese, not only am I willing, but it is my desire, that such appointment be made. For myself, it is still, as it has been, my intention, by divine permission, and while any strength of body and mind remain, to devote it to the service of the churches under my care. But you all know how feeble already are my best efforts, and how rapidly they are decreasing. I am anxious, on the one hand, that our churches should not suffer through my infirmities, and on the other, that they should not be unnecessarily burdened in supporting the Episcopate. But, in my judgment, a bishop who shall be appointed for either of the States which constitute this association of dioceses, should be the rector of one of the parishes; in which case he will need but little, in addition, for a comfortable support. The present appears to be a favorable time for the election of a bishop, for Massachusetts especially. It may be done by calling an especial convention, or be postponed to the next annual convention of the State. This is a suitable and very important subject for the deliberations of the present convention.

"That all your deliberations may be directed, and may be blessed to the honor of God, and to the building up of the Redeemer's kingdom, is my humble and earnest prayer."

The Rev. P. H. Greenleaf has taken letters of dismission from this diocese to that of Massachusetts.—*Ep. Rec.*

#### NEW YORK.

The Fifty-Sixth annual Convention of the Diocese of New-York, was held in St. Paul's Chapel, New-York, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of last week. On Wednesday Mr. John S. Kidney and Stephen Patterson were admitted to the holy order of deacons. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Smith of Kentucky, and the venerable Bishop Chase of Illinois, were both present. After electing only two clerical, and the four lay delegates to the General Convention, the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

At a special meeting of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of New-York, held on the 27th of September, Messrs. Flavel S. Mines, and Philemon E. Coe, ordained ministers of the Presbyterian denomination, and Mr. Horace Hills, jun. a licentiate of the same denomination, were recommended to the Bishop to be received as candidates for Orders in the Church.

At the same meeting of the Committee, Messrs. James J. Bowden, James W. Coe, William Everett, Benjamin J. J. McMaster, and Charles Seymour, were in like manner recommended as candidates for Orders; and Messrs. Ralph Hoyt, John S. Kidney, and Stephen Patterson, received the testimonials of the Committee for Deacons' Orders.—*Churchman.*

Bishop Onderdonk has received from the wardens of St. Thomas' Church, Mamaroneck, Westchester county, the canonical certificate of the election to the Rectorship of the parish of the Rev. John M. Ward, lately of the diocese of New Jersey.—*Churchman.*

The Rev. John A. Childs, of the diocese of Pa., has received a call from the vestry of St. Paul's



Church, Washington, New-York; Post Office, Waddington, St. Lawrence Co., New-York.

#### WESTERN NEW-YORK.

The Rev. John Fish has been canonically transferred to this diocese from the diocese of Mississippi.—*Gos. Mess.*

#### NEW JERSEY.

The Rev. Anthony Ten Broeck having removed from this diocese to that of New Jersey, and been there received, has changed accordingly his canonical residence.—*Churchman.*

#### PENNSYLVANIA.

Rev. Wm. Hilton, having accepted an invitation to take charge of St. Paul's Church, Kittaning, Armstrong Co., Pa., desires that all letters and papers designed for him be sent to that place.

The Rev. Samuel T. Lord, missionary, has removed from New Milford, Susquehanna Co., to Blossburg, Tioga Co., Pa., where he wishes letters and papers to be directed to him.

#### MARYLAND.

On Sunday, August 22nd, in Emmanuel church, Cumberland, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Whittingham admitted to the holy order of Deacon, Mr. John Kehler, formerly a minister of the Evangelical Lutheran denomination. At the same time and place, he ordained to the priesthood, the Rev. Savington W. Crampton, rector elect of St. Thomas' church, Hancock. The candidates were presented by the Rev. Matthias Harris. The Rev. Messrs. L. H. Johns, H. H. Bean, and John Owen, joined in the imposition of hands in the ordination to the priesthood.—*Southern Church.*

#### VIRGINIA.

The Rev. W. Y. Rooker, an alumnus of the Theological Seminary of Va. has taken charge of Kingston Parish, Matthews county, Va. and requests that all letters, papers, &c. intended for him, be directed to Matthews court house, Matthews county, Va.—*Southern Church.*

The Rev. J. A. Massey has taken charge of the parishes of King William and St. James, Southam. His post office is Sublett's Tavern, Powhatan Co., Va.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

#### OHIO.

The Rev. Edward Lounsbury, an alumnus of the Theological Seminary of Va. has taken charge of Trinity Parish, Toledo, Ohio, and requests that all letters and papers for him be directed to that place.

The Rev. L. N. Freeman, having resigned his charge of Christ Church, Brownsville, and accepted a call to the rectorship of St. Paul's parish, Akron, Ohio, desires that all letters and papers designed for him should be directed after the 15th of October, to Akron, Summit Co., Ohio.

### Literary.

[For the Church Record.]

#### OLD ENGLISH LITERATURE.

NUMBER XXXIII.

#### FELL'S LIFE OF DR. HENRY HAMMOND.

In an article on this admirable biographical study, I shall not so much attempt an abstract of the narrative itself, which analysis would only impair; as endeavor at sketching the features of one of the most amiable characters that has ever appeared among men. The literary character and

sermons of Hammond will be considered in the succeeding paper. We shall devote the present number to a description of his peculiar traits and personal virtues.

We may observe at this time, and the remark is generally applicable to all the characters which shall be brought under review in this part of our series, that the great men in history as well as in theology, of this period, were early proficients in study, and the pride of their universities. The youthful history of Hammond is no less an instance of this, than was that of Hale, Rochester, Wotton, Hooker and Herbert. The modern current notion of the early indolence of men of genius, is widely at variance with the facts of literary history, in the age of the great old English prosemen and poets. No man of genius or eminent talents yet lived, who did not in his youth exhibit some peculiar aptitude or characteristic bent. The ordinary tasks of the school boy may have been distasteful, but he always made up for deficiency in these by the earnest pursuit of something better adapted to his disposition and character.

The facts of Hammond's life are few. He was early patronized by the Earl of Leicester. He became the personal favorite of Charles I. Most of his life was passed either at his retired vicarage of Penshurst, or amid the classic shades of Oxford. At this place he held the station, at one time, of Orator to his University, the same office Herbert filled, and afterwards he was made Sub-Dean. The unsettled state of the times obliged him to change his residence, first to the Isle of Wight, where he was attendant upon the King, then state prisoner; after a removal thence he was obliged to undergo imprisonment for the sake of his royal master. But both of these events were episodic in a life passed in meditation and study. Loyalty, piety, a charitable frame of mind and spirit of conduct, and a certain sweetness of disposition, were the ruling traits in the character of Hammond.

Loyalty was with him an innate chivalric piety. His King, as king, was his royal master, the nearest similitude on earth to the majesty of heaven. He did not scrutinize the character of Charles, as Macauley has done, else he had never followed him to the death with such zeal and reverence. So noble a follower deserved a better master. Hammond's loyalty was founded on, 1st, his natural sense of reverence, and 2dly, his conscious humility, an unfeigned desire to repose on a superior, to bow to authority. With regard to the first, he mingled his politics with his religion. He revered the King, as he loved the Church. His loyalty was a civil piety, as his piety was a civil loyalty. Church and State were indissolubly connected in his imagination. As to the second point, we borrow the language of his historian: "Of all other things he most disliked the being left to make a choice, and largely applauded the state of subjection to a superior, where an obsequious diligence was the main ingredient of duty; as also he did the state of subjection unto pressure, as a privilege and blessing." This is the very foundation of religion. This sincere humility formed the basis of a most devout disposition. This sincere, affectionate soul must have one to love with reverence. He was none of your self-dependent (we use the phrase in a bad sense,) and resolute spirits, that brave all ties of humanity and scoff at the mutual dependency of men and the absolute dependency of Christians. His notions of friendship and his charitable habits were framed in accordance with the loyal temper of his soul. For the first he would be laughed at by the heartless scoffers of the present day, and

at the last, many a prudential moralist might exclaim, at his weakness and prodigality as they would understand his compassion and largeness of soul.

Friendship, was in the estimation of Hammond next to religion. He held the high Roman notions of the union of minds and intercourse of hearts. Indeed so far did he carry his passion of admiration for this virtuous state of companionship, that, we are told by Fell, that, "When he ever happened to see or be in company with such as had an intimate and hearty kindness for each other, he would be much transported in the contemplation of it; and where it was seasonable, would openly acknowledge that his satisfaction." He loved to enjoy benefits and favors (as it were) by reflection. Of mutual advice and perfect freedom in interchange of thoughts he was the strong advocate, even to the most secret confessions. He had not the notions, some entertain, of a half way friendship. He kept no reserves: he despised mysteries and the cunning of concealments. Whom he had once taken to his heart, he loved ever after, and though his friend became vicious or criminal, he still loved his person the more tenderly; the more he was disgusted at his practices or detested his conduct. Pity heightened his affection instead of (as it much oftener occurs,) inducing contempt. Pride and falseness alone, or haughtiness and insincerity, the two commonest bars to friendship, were the only checks to his affections. He was no temporising friend nor complaisant pretender to friendship: yet, he delighted to be received with affection. His soul (manly and resolute in the dark hour,) was yet, in prosperity, almost effeminized by the tenderness of his nature, which was diffused over all his life and actions.

His charity, both speculative and practical, answered to this nobleness of nature. "His poor man's bag had so many mouths, and those so often opened, that it frequently became quite empty: but its being so, never diverted him from relieving any that appeared in need; for in such seasons he chose to give in more liberal proportions than at others." Yet his means were very limited; but, he lived sparingly and had an ample soul. His practice realized Hesiod's paradoxical maxim, "the half is greater than the whole;" for, the more he gave out of a small stock, the richer he grew: so truly is it written, "He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord: and look, what he layeth out, shall be paid him again." Aye tenfold, the interest in such cases always far exceeding the principal sum. "As to the way and very manner of his charity, even that was a part of his donation and largess." So kind, so thoughtful, so delicate in his benefactions, so comprehensive in his wishes to benefit mankind, was this excellent man's heart. He really took the highest delight in giving, which those who saw or received his good offices, could read in his countenance and actions. He used to say, "That it was one of the greatest sensualities in the world to give. Upon which consideration he often took occasion to magnify, the exceeding indulgence of God, that had annexed future rewards to that which was so amply its own recompense."

With all these mild virtues and gentle affections, Hammond was a man of great fortitude, sagacity, moral courage and unabated piety. His life, barren of splendid incidents, is filled with instances of these nobler virtues. He was all his life a martyr to the gout and the stone, arising from his close studies and abstemious living: the last of which diseases carried him off. In the severest bodily



tortures he exhibited a heroic resignation. With Sir Henry Wotton, in his picture of a Happy Life, we may add—

"His passions not his masters were,  
His soul was still subdued to death;  
Untied unto the world by care,  
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath."

The copy of the Life of Hammond we have followed, is bound up with Burnet's Hale—fit union. We hardly know which to prefer. The author, not the Doctor Fell, we imagine, whom Dr. Franklin has apostrophized in a pithy stanza, was a violent loyalist and high churchman, whose general character Wood comprises in a sentence, though he has devoted considerable space to his life. "He was the most zealous man of his time, for the Church of England."

He has penned the Life in the style of a gentleman author, full of courtly expressions and choice phrases, except where he falls into scandalous abuse of Cromwell, whom he calls tyrant and monster, and his usurpation and trial of Charles I. a villany. There is perhaps too much history in the Life, making the character of Hammond an episode and overlaying the events of his life, by a relation of the political occurrences of the time. With this slight defect, we admire the book even more than Walton's Life of Herbert. Fell has as much particularity and love for his subject as Walton, but more elegance and a better style. Fell was the true courtier and scholar bred. Walton, the honest tradesman turned writer.

The eulogy of Fell towards the conclusion of the book, of which, indeed, eulogy is the burthen; for a true relation of such a Life could only be a succession of praises, will afford a fair specimen of the author's manner, and with which we may conclude.

"It will be below the greatness of the person, as well as of this life, to celebrate his death in womanish complaints, or indeed by any verbal applications: his worth is not to be described by any words besides his own; nor can anything lessen his memory, but what is sacred and eternal as those writings are. May his just fame from them and from his virtue be precious to succeeding times, grow up and flourish still; and when that character, engraved in brass shall disappear as if they had been writ in water; when eulogies committed to the trust of marble shall be illegible as whispered accents; when pyramids dissolved in dust shall want themselves a monument to evidence that they were once so much as ruin; let that remain a known and classic history, describing him in his full portraiture among the best of subjects, of friends, of scholars, and of men."

#### NEW WORKS.

PURE GOLD from the Rivers of Wisdom. D. Appleton & Co.; 200 Broadway.

This attractive little volume is very fitly entitled. It offers 'in little' the essence of many works of much greater pretensions. The extracts are more judiciously made than those in the three companion volumes of this same series which we noticed last week. And it is altogether to be recommended as a vade mecum to the traveller, a literary pocket book for the man of contemplation, (one not likely to be purloined,) and an admirable repository of common-places and appropriate sentiments, for readers of all ages, tastes, sexes and pursuits.

INCIDENTS OF A WHALING VOYAGE: By Francis Atlyn Olmsted. D. Appleton & Co.

The Whale Fishery, its perils and hardships, its

excitements and pleasures extracted from the vigorous pursuit of it, drew forth the brilliant eulogy of Burke. The novelists of the sea have imparted to our later literature a new interest and an original interest. But the novel must yield to the voracious narrative in zeal and permanent interest as well as usefulness. This volume is a capital book for tarry-at-home travellers of all ages, especially the young. It is perhaps pleasanter to most men to make a voyage through the author's pages than on the briny element itself. For this purpose we know of no publication of the season, that so aptly answers its intended purpose, as the present volume.

THE TRUE CATHOLIC CHURCHMAN, IN HIS LIFE AND IN HIS DEATH: *The Sermons and Poetical remains of the Rev. Benjamin Davis Winslow, A. M. To which is prefixed the Sermon preached on the Sunday after his decease, with notes and additional memoranda, by Rt. Rev. George Washington Doane, D. D. New York, Wiley & Putnam, 1841. 8vo. pp. 317.*

Mr. Winslow, a young man of elegant poetical talent and ardent piety, has joined the band of departed American genius, and with Sands, Griffin, and Drake, has left these scattered memorials of his talents and virtue. His personal character is depicted with all the warmth of an admirer and relation by the Bishop of New Jersey. His poetry, especially the secular portion of it, is agreeable and polished. His sermons are without any particular "mark or likelihood," and such as nineteen young divines out of twenty might have written. His loss is deeply felt by all who were intimately connected with him, and no eulogy can be penned more stirring than a bare recital of the grief of bereaved friends.

#### Topics of the Times.

Correspondence of the Tribune.  
THE MORMONS.

Mr. Editor,—I believe in my last communication I promised to give you at some subsequent period, an additional chapter upon the Mormons, and more minutæ relating to that renowned personage "Joe Smith." Well; it so happened that on my return last week from a short excursion in our neighboring State of Illinois, (or if I may be permitted to use our homely phraseology, "The Sucker" State,) I found myself early on Sunday morning entering the suburbs of the renowned city of Nauvoo,—a city which if the prophecies of Joe Smith prove infallible—is destined to place the glories of Rome far in the shade; for what signifies the grandeur, the pomp and splendor of the "Eternal City,"—when it has been revealed to this Prophet of the Lord (so say the "Latter Day Saints,") that within this "City of the Plain," all nations, kindreds and tongues shall be gathered. In short, friend G—, if you had supposed that "Brother Joseph" was not one of the "Lions" of the age to say the least, you are far behind the times. Having ordered my horse put up at a commodious looking hotel, I soon ascertained that a Mormon landlady understood the mysteries of making a good cup of coffee—with all necessary "fixins." While diminishing the light milk biscuits of mine Hostess, with a rapidity truly appalling, (just think, though, I had travelled over a twenty-mile prairie that morning on an empty stomach,) but as I was saying, while doing ample justice to that good breakfast—I asked one of the brethren if I should have the gratification of hear-

ing Joe Smith preach that day. With rather a sharp reproof for my levity in thus alluding to brother Joseph, I was answered in the affirmative. The grand Temple is not yet completed—consequently the service is held in a beautiful grove, upon a prairie of gentle ascent overlooking the majestic Mississippi. This grove is near the centre of the future city—which, as yet, is merely a skeleton of straggling suburbs—increasing, however, with a rapidity truly astonishing. The location of this city embraces a combination of objects of the most picturesque and captivating description—in the centre of the grove a temporary stand is erected beneath the deep foliage of a beautiful arbor—around this, benches and chairs are arranged in the form of an amphitheatre, the waving branches of the trees protecting the audience from the scorching rays of the sun. When I entered the grove Jo had commenced his discourse. It was a first impression. There he appeared, in the stand,—a la pulpit, the "observed of all observers," preaching to an audience of from 12 to 1500 listeners; whether it was the novelty of the scene, or the singularity of the sect, certain it was that all things conspired to impress my mind very singularly. Imagination involuntarily reverted to the first time I had ever heard of the "Book of Mormon," synonymous also with the name of "Jo Smith," and behold here he was standing before me: then I endeavored to detect the secret spring of this delusion. Where is the magic of the Prophet's power? thought I,—'twas not in the persuasion of his eloquence, for he possessed none. 'Twas not his intellect, for that is not above mediocrity. 'Tis not in erudition, for to that he makes no pretensions; and yet he wields a power more potent, I believe, than the Pope of Rome, over those upon whom his influence extends. Here was indeed a spectacle, a study for the philosophers and priests—I thought of the scenes enacted in Missouri, which were but as yesterday—when they were literally scattered by the sword almost to the four winds of heaven, and here again they were gathered, ready even to shout *Hosannas* unto this extraordinary man, to the number of above *five thousand*. But be not deceived, my friend. If they are all fanatics they are not all fools. I was introduced to several of the "brethren," some of the *Twelve Apostles* who had recently returned from Europe. They spoke of their labors in Great Britain, of the glory of the cause they had espoused, with great fervor and piety. They were gentlemen of much address and intelligence; many of them, I think, far superior to "Jo Smith" in talent or in acquaintance with mankind, and yet they verily believe that "Jo" is the anointed of the Lord. My purpose was to have given you a few extracts, or rather specimens, of Jo's sermon; but my brief space will scarcely admit of it in this epistle. It would be a perfect *curiosity*, I'll assure you. He disclaimed all ambition or vain glory; but I think it evident he possesses a sufficiency. In attempting to exhibit to the "brethren" how much more ready the world is to believe error than truth, "Jo" often made himself the "hero" of the text, with not a little self-complacency either, notwithstanding his *professed* humility. "Brethren," says he, "when Moses lived, that we read about, there was not half so many rascally lying editors as there is now-a-days. Old Moses was commanded of God to slay a man, but no such requirement is made of 'Old Jo Smith,' O no, not as long as the lying editors continue their abuse, the world is ready to swallow it." He then entertained his hearers by relating an



anecdote, a case in point. At the time he was travelling in the stage from Missouri to Kirkland, Ohio, how a young *upstart* of a lawyer told a "*long yarn*" about the death of "Jo Smith,"—dead, buried—having got shot; and how the "brethren" held a pow wow over the dead body; but it availed not; Jo would die because he was not strong in the faith. This was his own version. In concluding this story, which was quite ingenious, he says, "Well brethren," what do you think? Do you suppose the passengers in that stage believed me, or do you suppose they believed the lying language? Well, I'll tell you what they believed—they thought and said I was a gross impostor! and for three days continuous travelling, I could not make them believe that I was the veritable Jo Smith;—thus it is "brethren," says he, mankind are prone to receive error rather than truth, and so they believe the thousands of falsehoods circulated about our religion, without coming to see and examine for themselves. Well, lie away, ye editors, I see ye are determined to make a *big* man of me anyhow." But I will leave the Prophet's sermon. I don't expect he will thank me for what I have already said, and I doubt not he'll think it a poor requital, for the kindness he extended towards me; for I can assure you, he received me with all due courtesy, and invited me to his house. I was his guest at tea, he is younger, than I had supposed, not being more than 35—in personal appearance, he is prepossessing, dresses genteelly, is rather inclined to levity in general conversation, is fond of a good joke or story, has great personal popularity amongst his people, which he prides himself upon, as he remarked to me in conversation, "I believe, even, the little children all love me." He is amiable and affectionate in the family circle—says he is not ambitious, yet I could plainly perceive that he is quite vain of the notoriety already attached to his character. I soon learned the *key* to unbosom him—he showed me the Egyptian mummies, of which he has four, i. e., the ancient Kings of Egypt, and the daughters of Sharon, so it is revealed to him, he says, I questioned him very closely about the "Golden Plates," and his revelation concerning them—but I am at the last corner of my paper, and must leave the "Golden Plates," the details of the city and Temple for my next chapter—with the brief remark, however, that if my imperfect and crude scribbings in any manner prove interesting to the numerous readers of the Tribune, it is an ample reward for the time bestowed by your humble servant and correspondent.

**GENERAL CASS.**—One of the brightest names upon our long list of statesmen, soldiers, and patriots, is that of Gen. Cass, our distinguished minister at the Court of St. Cloud. He has recently been addressed by a committee of citizens at Philadelphia, and solicited to become a candidate for the presidency at the next election. Aside from his specific answer to this solicitation, and aside from his political opinions, the letter which he has written in reply, contains much matter deserving of serious and profound reflection. It is a calm, mild, good tempered, but most powerful rebuke to the intolerant spirit of party to which politicians give themselves up in this country.

He declares that there is no more splendid object of human ambition, than the highest elective office in the world. But experience has shown that if reached at all it must be by means of a contest in which personal character is assailed, actions misrepresented, and motives perverted.

To a man destitute of ambition, and not impelled by a high sense of public duty, he evidently deems the prize, high as it is, not worth the fearful trial that must be passed through in attaining it.

"Such," says he, "have long been my impressions on this subject, and as I advance in years, with diminished ambition and increased diffidence, they gain strength from day to day. Actuated by these motives, I say to you, my fellow citizens, that I do not desire to be President of the United States, and I trust most sincerely, that no circumstances may occur to call me to fill that distinguished station. I have been sufficiently near the depositories of high power, both at home and abroad, not to know that its exercise brings with it many troubles and few consolations."

He declares that he has uniformly and on all proper occasions used the same language when the subject has been suggested to him, as it has very often been of late. Such are his personal feelings. But there are other considerations which he considers himself bound to respect. He then speaks of the proscriptive and intolerant action of parties in words that should be written in characters of living light before every American. In periods of strong party excitement like the present there are, says he, "opinions and feelings abroad which I do not and cannot partake. It seems to me, that an artificial value is given to many topics of mere party discussion, and a spirit of denunciation against political opponents indulged in, which is equally unjust and impolitic. I do not believe that I am proscriptive enough in my views upon these subjects; certainly not for those with whom extreme opinions and measures are alone the proof of wisdom, and the test of sincerity. I am firmly convinced the Democratic party are right in their construction of the Constitution, and that the principles they advocate, if fairly carried out, will best ensure the happiness of the country and the perpetuity of its institutions. But I believe also that the opposite party though wrong in their views are yet as honest as we are in their political opinions, and as solicitous for the prosperity of the nation."

How happy would it be for the American people if these kind, liberal and generous sentiments, characterized their party contests instead of the fierce, bitter and almost savage spirit, which so often tramples under foot every manly and noble impulse! We ought to begin a national reformation upon this subject. It is a shame that we should denounce and persecute each other with more vindictiveness than we would a foreign enemy.

General Cass alludes eloquently to the superior privileges which we enjoy in comparison with the people of Europe. He says truly that we do not sufficiently estimate the blessings we enjoy. Could we, like him, have our eyes constantly fixed upon the mighty struggle there going forward between the down-trodden people and their oppressors—a struggle which is destined to end in blood—we should learn to appreciate our happy condition, and thank God for it. "We are too prone (he remarks) to magnify into serious evils subjects of comparatively minor importance, and too little disposed to acknowledge the kindness of Providence, by a due appreciation of the precious trust confided to us."

In conclusion the General gives a definite reply to the committee. He declares that but one state of things, "as little to be expected as desired," could induce him to make the sacrifice, namely the generally acknowledged opinion of the Republican party, that the use of his name might be

necessary upon this occasion, and his nomination agreeably to the established usage of the party, by a General Convention. In such an event though he should yield with reluctance, still he would yield, and although his farther residence abroad will probably under any circumstances be but short, yet were it otherwise he would consider it his duty to return without delay. "Not," he adds, "to take the slightest part in the election, far be such a course from me, but because propriety would forbid me to hold an office under these circumstances, and because every American, whom the confidence of any considerable portion of his fellow-citizens might designate for that high station, ought to meet the trial he must undergo in his own country. But when I look to the many able and tried men whom our party includes in its ranks, I consider such a result scarcely within the limits of possibility."

The General has so much more modesty than usually falls to the lot of politicians, that we shall be surprised if he is thought a proper candidate for President by any party, in these times of proscription. His modesty and liberality will probably ruin him in the eyes of our party men of the present day.—*Sun.*

### Miscellaneous.

**THE BELLS OF LIMERICK.**—There is a curious and interesting tradition connected with the bells of Limerick cathedral. The story is prettily told, and will bear repetition. They were, it is said, brought originally from Italy, where they were manufactured by a young native, who grew justly proud of the successful result of years of anxious toil expended in their production. They were subsequently purchased by the prior of a neighboring convent; and with the profits of this sale the young Italian procured a little villa, where he had the pleasure of hearing the tolling of his bells from the convent cliff, and of growing old in the bosom of domestic happiness. This, however, was not to continue. In some of those broils, whether civil or foreign, which are the undying worm in the peace of a fallen land, the good Italian was a sufferer among many. He lost his all; and, after the passing of the storm, found himself preserved alone amid the wreck of fortune, friends, family and home. The convent in which the bells, the *chefs-d'œuvre* of his skill, were hung, was razed to the earth, and the bells were carried away to another land. The unfortunate owner, haunted by his memories, and deserted by his hopes, became a wanderer over Europe. His hair grew gray, and his heart withered, before he again found a home and a friend. In this desolation of spirit, he formed the resolution of seeking the place to which the treasures of his memory had been finally borne. He sailed for Ireland, proceeded up the Shannon; the vessel anchored in the pool near Limerick, and he hired a small boat for the purpose of landing. The city was now before him; and he beheld St. Mary's steeple, lifting its turretted head above the smoke and mist of the old town. He sat in the stern and looked fondly toward it. It was an evening so calm and beautiful as to remind him of his own native haven in the sweetest time of the year—the death of the spring. The broad stream appeared like one smooth mirror, and the little vessel glided through it. On a sudden, amid the general stillness, the bells tolled from the cathedral; the rowers rested on their oars, and the vessel went forward with the impulse it had received. The aged Italian looked toward



the city, crossed his arms on his breast, and lay back in his seat; home, happiness, early recollections, friends, family—all were in the sound, and went with it to his heart. When the rowers looked round, the beheld him with his face still turned towards the cathedral; but his eyes were closed, and when they landed they found him dead!—*Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's Ireland.*

*From Arcturus, of September.*

EBENEZER ELLIOTT, THE CORN-LAW RHYMER.

To those who profess a love for letters, no plea is needed for the sacred function of the poet: he may not ask, as a suppliant, permission to explain a new or strange doctrine; for his are the words of lasting truth, not the passionate utterings of heresy or madness. The caution is needless, "Lift not thy spear against the muses' bower;" and even contumelious neglect is self-punished. The poet is the only teacher, and his prelude is to be the birth of thought, as thoughts are pregnant with actions; and so as the cycle of poetry passes, philosophic systems, laws, theories, and heroic deeds spring up, like a world from the touch of light. The philosopher is thus the eldest of pupils only, and his lesson is wrapt in the music of poetry, so that sharpest ears are required to hear. But it is not lost, for as there never was yet a drop of water that did not work out its office in the universe, so these divine words, falling on the barren earth of some poor Adamitic heart, and sucked into its secret fountains, thence welling up shall make a better, a greener, and a fresher world. Then be not like the foolish Ethiopian, and mow at the angry clouds because they scatter blessings with a frown, and refuse the reproofs of the poet, who would make men kind, lovers of God and lovers of men, compassionate, soft-hearted. For if you gainsay admonition, you are self-convicted of the offence.

Without, then, provoking the oburgation of any against our poet as a political partizan, it is permitted to glance at the evil which is the subject of his musing. In forming an estimate of poetic character, it is often necessary to learn the circumstance and the subject that warmed into harmonious rage. To know that Æschylus at Salamis, and Cervantes at Lepanto, helped check Persians and Turks from barbarizing the world, gives us power to fathom in a measure their ardent hope and truth. Our sympathy with the Corn-Law Rhymer is the more awakened, since the brunt of a political battle has reached our ears from old England's shores; and the Persians victorious on the hustings, and Turks laurelled at St. Stephens, were events not more startling than the result. How does it come to pass, that justice should be repudiated, and that by the injured; and the oppressor's despair worshipped, instead of the hope of a better future? Here a measure that has slain thousands by aid of a detestable taxation, is at an issue, and when the trial comes, the grand assize of England find for the disseizors; and wrong, they say, has the better right. The stain of cowardice, venality, or stupidity, must cleave to a decision that sanctions the present corn-laws, and guards the wicked splendor of those, whose glitter is but the misery of their fellows, whose fitness is torn from the lean ribs of famished wretches. It is indeed much to be prayed for, that that tyranny which lives in the heart of man, and makes that living temple the sepulchre of a vampire, should be exhumed, and burnt as it must be in penitential and purifying flames. Then the land of England might enjoy her Sabbaths in peace. What wonder at the indignation and the bold

philippics of our true-hearted poet, looking at these things; at seeing the golden bounty of the field taxed, the strong man searching for food and labor, and finding much of the latter, and so little of the former as scarce to keep starvation from grappling with his life. Do you not wonder, that all the virtue and knowledge of the realm have not driven, with a shout, the tax-makers of England therefrom, along with the worse than devilish curse they affix to the soil? Truly it was a hard curse Lucifer brought into Eden; but more thorny is the harvest of the poor in England; they labor, and in the sweat of their brow—they starve.

The operation of these laws, we are told, is about equal to a tax of twenty per cent. or an increase of the price of bread thus much; of which amount the mere duty levied, which goes partly to keep down debt and support government and laws—always a benefit—is but a small fraction, say one-fifth, of the appreciation; while the rest goes to the revenue of those whose estates produce wheat and other edibles, and who thus can, by a pleasant juggle, reap literally grain out of the blood of the life of their brethren, as well as the acres of their inheritance. Now here, all that the poet can look at, is the foul wrong; and through the world of manhood, not fiendhood, raise a pity and a shudder of sympathy. The poet is no false-title-pleading lawyer, who declaims in well-turned sentences aptly fitted with winding phrase, and precedents drawn from time when ancient memory finds no stop to injustice, arranged to make reasonable people believe that the descendant of William the bastard and his Parliament can tax at will, though thousands die; he is in nothing like a statistico-politico-economico zany, who would make our reason turn a somersault, like his cat-backed conscience, over statistical tables, and tell that manufactures and wealth have vastly increased, by the Egyptian policy of making men work harder for their bread, through these laws that deprive not of straw but food, men of the same race, confined in a bondage where there are no flesh pots, but an abundance of tax and task mastering.

Let it not be said, that this is a subject not heroic and suited for the poet, like the narrative of desolation on the field, where nations drop in blood. Each one of these families, where the bread tax has been a ban, with its world of suffering and painful thoughts, successions of hope and fear, till death came, is a subject for our contemplation, a mean to awaken our tears till the eyes run over, and thrill the soul like a harp string. Tell us that the great elder poets reprove in lofty abstractions, and far removed allegories striving at the fountains of life, to purify the thought, teaching virtue rather than good manners, and their audience lawgivers, founders of cities and kings. Each man is a world, each man a lawgiver: some are poets, all can learn of the poet: all love the flowers, and bless the hands that sow them and the hearts that are God's best flowers, full of the perfume of love. But then, this national starvation is no unheroic matter. Riding with noiseless steps like the pestilence, it chokes with its air fingers the child, and sucks the marrow of the man. The Florentine poet could draw the sad dungeon, and condemning all tyranny in that one impious deed, make terror sempiternal, while the page should last that told of Count Ugolino and his children, some in manly strength, some in childhood, all murdered by famine. Oh, when Justice at her day reveals the suffering of England, scenes may show out more horrible than the Italian. Alas! for the sad subject of our author, in a moiety of his productions. His

corn-law rhymes, one half almost of the volume of his works, form a choral wail, expressing the effect upon him of this sad drama; where the impending fate is the corn-law tax, bringing a more startling action along, than ever rose before the eyes and prompted the modulated sobs of Theban or Argive Choretide.

But what theatre was like the factory, the work-house, the cottage, and starved figures who are men? And there is much diversity of feeling shown, as different actors advance; there are songs of threatening indignation if the spoilers repent not; of sympathy and kindness to the spoiled, pointing a home and a hope behind the dark clouds, and showing the earth giving types of beauty yet; and an earnest of a better time. Sorrow, and a little joy mingled as it is in life; and a sole confidence in the great Arbiter of life, are characteristic of the Corn-Law Rhymes. One feature of Elliott is the impassioned earnestness of all that he says; it is what he thinks in his heart; and to this essential of the orator he adds a power of expression; the amplification by perfect description, in word of adjunct and attribute, rather than by illustration and similitude. You might fancy him a Gracchus, his voice mixing with the flute of the servant as the sound of the sentences meet the ear, and epithets of remonstrance and monition mingling, you acknowledge the orator pleading a just cause. Among the poets of similar rhetorical power, enumerating every quality and exhausting points of view, see Young;—he is a solemn poetic orator, declaiming like the toll of a bell lamenting the dead. So Elliott, though far removed in style from Young, seems an orator. He supplies descriptions rather than similes, and places the object in a flood of light express, not forms a phantasm surrounded with a halo of party-colored tints. This quality, joined with the passion of the lyric poet, makes the noblest display of rhetoric, the word of truth and the divine song—and this renders the odes of our modern British Tyrtaeus stirring as the brazen voice of a trumpet. In contrast with this honest bold, denunciation and free expression of the thought, the natural softness that embraces the beauties of the outward world of sights and sounds harmonious, which man cannot all destroy, is seen in our poet's writings. The trees and flowers may sometimes prove tyrants, the elements slay, but mostly they smile; and though they owe man no allegiance—"he never gave them kingdoms"—they have given to the oppressed and the poor a good realm, teaching comfort and giving assurance of a happier season.

This lesson taught by external nature, the bee murmuring at his sweet task, the flower dispensing beauty, and the rill chiming as it nurtures all, has charmed the poet into an ecstasy of devotion. He joys in it, and he blesses the eternal source of all things so gloriously good; he is transported into an Elysium, and has learned unutterable things from the kind sky that embraces him, the winds that kiss him, the chalice of the flowers that offer him incense; and then to wake from a dream of love, universal, spreading love, and find those whom this bounty surrounds clutching the children of the same father by the throat, and claiming some paltry debt, ignorant of forgiveness and kindness, ignorant of justice, insensible to all the voices of angels around whispering mercy, to the aims of the Creator that end in happiness to all, and trampling with "clouted shoon" the remembrance of an Eden to the dust—no wonder the poet condemns the spoilers that disturb his devotions, and the tones of his upbraiding harp are like shadows of



clouds, chasing over the green sown and yellow stubble in autumn.

#### FOREST WORSHIP.

Within the sun-lit forest,  
Our roof the bright blue sky,  
Where fountains flow and wild flowers blow,  
We lift our hearts on high:  
Beneath the frown of wicked men  
Our country's strength is brewing;  
But thanks to God! they can't prevent  
The lone wild flowers from bowing.

High, high above the tree tops,  
The lark is soaring free  
Where streams the light through broken clouds,  
His speckled breast I see.  
Beneath the might of wicked men  
The poor man's worth is dying;  
But thanked be God! in spite of them  
The lark still warbles flying.

The preacher prays, "Lord bless us,"  
"Lord! bless us" echo cries;  
"Amen!" the breezes murmur low,  
"Amen!" the rill replies:  
The ceaseless toil of wo-worn hearts  
The proud with pangs are paying;  
But here, O God of earth and heaven  
The humble heart is praying!

How softly in the pauses  
Of song re-echoed wide,  
The cushat's coo, the linnet's lay  
O'er rill and river glide!  
With evil deeds of evil men  
The affrighted land is ringing;  
But still, O Lord! the pious heart  
And soul-toned voice are singing.

Hush, hush! the preacher preacheth  
"Wo to the oppressor, wo!"  
But sudden gloom o'ercasts the sun  
And saddened flowers below.  
So frowns the Lord! but, tyrants, ye  
Deride his indignation,  
And see not in his gathered brow  
Your days of tribulation.

Speak low, thou heaven paid teacher!  
The tempest bursts above;  
God whispers in the thunder; hear  
The terrors of his love!  
On useful hands and honest hearts  
The base their wrath are wreaking;  
But thanked be God! they can't prevent  
The storm of heaven from speaking.

The wo is denounced 'honestly enough, though savoring too much, perhaps, of the preaching of the prophet to the Ninevites, to be exactly consonant to the morality of the Christian and the poet. He frequently corrects this vein, and more nobly begs forgiveness and a better mind for the enemies of mankind. Let the following Apostrophe to the Church of England attest the well-spring of love at his heart.

Church bedewed with martyr's blood  
Mother of the wise and good!  
Temple of our smiles and tears,  
Hoary with the frost of years!  
Holy Church, eternal true!  
What for thee will bread tax do!  
It will strip thee bare as she  
Whom a despot stripped for thee;  
Of thy surplice make thy pall,  
Low'r thy pride, and take thy all,  
Save thy truth established well,  
Which—when spire and pinnacle,  
Gorgeous arch, and figured stone,  
Cease to tell of glories gone—  
Still shall speak of thee, and Him  
Whom adore the Seraphim.

Our author but infrequently overwhelms the mind by representing the stern conflict of active powers, which excites admiration or affright—there are "masters of terror" among poets as well as warriors—but he would show affections and virtue dwelling in a sad and sick house; he would show the man, the warrior, the world wounded to death, and all overpowered, looking only in trust and resignation to that which is but discerned in a distant future. The creative faculty is mere self-contemplation, it is the only practical mode and measure of justice, investing other men with the mind's own feelings; and as, when describing, it is only the individual's impression that is the object of thought, so, in forming a conception of character, there is but one actor, though many

persons, in the possible changes that the thinker might undergo. The judge who can conceive the crime is the criminal who is condemned, and no one else. And the poet, though all blameless, is like the shield forged by the hands of Vulcan, which contains cities of men, for, fields, conflicts and peaceful leagues:—at times the living imbossmments, ruddy with wrath, freeze with gorgonian stare, and then the sad chamber, the un-housed wandering sufferers, and death, call us to the contemplation of our weakness, and how sorrowful, dependent, and pained, humanity may become. Thus is pity roused, when the weak, the suffering, the overborne, are shown holding fast to their integrity; the outward form of the body bowing in care, wo, and longings disappointed, beside what such small matters as the wholesale tyranny of traitorous bad men can deal out, in the way of starving robbery, and privation of light and air in factory prisons, (for they cannot spoil the poor man of his heaven-sent feast of love—the poet shows that these ravens with black wings can bring heavenly food, while they pluck the perishing meat away), and still the life of life remaining, love of father and mother, reverence to the dead, faith towards God. If bad men could kill these things in the heart, they could kill angels. All things are teaching to us affection; most of all, pictures of our brethren suffering, with their kindness, and ah! their woes, their death, and the living faith and hope of the survivors, all passing in that phantasmagorical shade which the light of the poet illuminates, and which is our self. Call the records of man's soul, poor and mean! Why, these are what elder bards mean, when they tell of Achilles or Protesilaus' death; and the life of a single man is the action of all epics. "Take this single captive," with his poor bereaved father and mother, his sister removed from him and them, longing for happiness, yes, for the world's comfort for them; willing to twine deeper and stronger the bands that hold each to the other, bands that shall last while stars forget to attract, because souls are worth more than stars or suns, and showing in the midst of all that is fearful, all that in recurring series since the flood has been the lot of generations, that the omnipotent Father is Father and friend, and by friendly afflictions has been luring to his own heart of infinite comprehensiveness, pity and forgiveness.

#### COME AND GONE.

The silent moonbeams on the drifted snow  
Shine cold and pale and blue,  
While through the cottage door the yule log's glow  
Casts on the iced oak's trunk and gray rock's brow  
A ruddy hue.

The red ray and the blue, distinct and fair,  
Like happy groom and bride,  
With azure green, and emerald-orange glare,  
Gilding the icicles from branches bare,  
Lie side by side.

The door is open and the fire burns bright,  
And Hannah, at the door,  
Stands—through the clear, cold, mooned and starry night,  
Gazing intently towards the scarce-seen height  
O'er the white moor.

'Tis Christmas eve, and from the distant town,  
Her pale afflicted son  
Will to his heart-sick mother hasten down,  
And snatch his hour of annual transport—frown  
Ere well begun

The Holy Book unread upon his knee  
Old Alfred watcheth calm,  
Till Edwin comes, no solemn prayer prays he;  
Till Edwin comes, the text he cannot see,  
Nor chaunt the psalm.

And comes he not? yea, from the wind-swept hill  
The cottage fire he sees,  
While of the past remembrance drinks her fill,  
Crops childhood's flowers, and bids the unfrozen rill  
Shine through green trees.

In thought, he hears the bee hum o'er the moor;  
In thought, the sheep boy's call;  
In thought, he meets his mother at the door;  
In thought, he hears his father, old and poor,  
"Thank God for all."

His sister he beholds who died when he,  
In London bound, wept o'er  
Her last sad letter—vain her prayer to see  
Poor Edwin yet again!—he never will be  
Her playmate more!

No more with her will hear the bitter boom  
At evening's dewy close!  
No more with her will wander where the broom  
Contents in beauty with the hawthorn bloom  
And budding rose!

Oh, love is strength! love, with divine control,  
Recalls us when we roam!  
In living light it bids the dimmed eye roll,  
And gives a dove's wing to the fainting soul,  
And bears it home.

Home!—that sweet word hath turned his pale lip red,  
Relumed his fireless eye;  
Again the morning o'er his cheek is spread;  
The early rose, that seemed forever dead,  
Returns to die.

Home! home!—Behold the cottage of the moor,  
That hears the sheep boy's call!  
And Hannah meets him at the open door  
With faint fond scream; and Alfred, old and poor,  
"Thanks God for all!"

His lip is on his mother's; to her breast  
She clasps him, heart to heart;  
His hands between his father's hands are pressed;  
They sob with joy, caressing and caressed;  
How soon to part!

Why should they know that thou so soon, O Death!  
Wilt pluck him, like a weed?  
Why fear consumption in his quick-drawn breath?  
Why dread the hectic flower which blossometh  
That worms may feed?

They talk of other days, when like the birds  
He called the wild flowers' bloom,  
And roamed the moorland with the houseless herds;  
They talk of Jane's sad prayer, and her last words,  
"Is Edwin come?"

He wept. But still almost till morning beamed  
They talked of Jane—then slept.  
But though he slept, his eyes, half open, gleamed;  
For still of dying Jane her brother dreamed,  
And dreaming, wept.

At mid-day he arose, in tears, and sought  
The churchyard, and where she lies  
He found her name beneath the snow-wreath wrought;  
Then from her grave a knot of grass he brought,  
With tears and sighs.

The hour of parting came, when feelings deep  
In the heart's depth awake.  
To his sad mother, pausing off to weep,  
He gave a token, which he bade her keep  
For Edwin's sake.

It was a grassy sprig and auburn tress  
Together twined and tied.  
He left them, then, for ever! could they less  
I ban bless and love that type of tenderness?  
Childless they died!

Long in their hearts a cherished thought they wore;  
And till their latest breath,  
Blessed him, and kissed his last gift o'er and o'er;  
But they beheld their Edwin's face no more,  
In life or death!

For where the upheaved sea of trouble foams,  
And sorrow's billows rave,  
Men, in the wilderness of myriad homes,  
Far from the desert, where the wild flock roams,  
Dug Edwin's grave.

You that shed tear over dead Cordelia and darkened-minded Lear, restrain not a few drops from falling on the grave of the true-hearted brother and sister, and the clouded path of Alfred and Hannah. But does the poet suffer them all to die? are there no voices of singing birds, no perfume of blooming flowers in their churchyard, as voices from above when tragic horrors reach to a fifth act's deadly close? Yes, the poet could not suffer his darlings to lie forever in the damp clay. Like a brother in affliction—John Bunyan—he shows a golden gleam from the towers of a distant city of refuge made magnified and glorious since it falls on weeping eyes, angelic anthems more harmonious since sorrow-wounded ears are hearing.

Loving Hannah! Gentle Alfred! to you the whisper is coming, in silent night, at amber dawn; when the heart is prayerful it comes, it blesses



with tears. Edwin speaks to you from under the green sod or the white snow.

Mother, I come from God and bliss;  
Oh bless me with a mother's kiss!  
Though dead, I spurn the tomb's control,  
And clasp thee in the embrace of soul.  
No terrors daunt, no cares annoy,  
No tyrants vex thy buried boy;  
Why mourn for him who smiles on thee?  
Dear mother, weep no more for me!

Where angels dwell—in glen and grove—  
I sought the flowers which mothers love;  
And in my garden I have set  
The pansy and the violet;  
For thee the wo-marked crowslip grows,  
For thee the little daisy blows;  
When wilt thou come my flowers to see?  
Nay, mother, weep no more for me!

Christ's mother wept on earth for him  
When wept in Heaven the Seraphim;  
And o'er the Eternal Throne the light  
Grew dim, and saddened into night;  
But where through bliss Heaven's rivers run,  
That mother now is with her son.  
They miss me there, and wait for thee:  
Come, mother, come—why weep for me?

I set a rose our home beside—  
I know the poor memorial died—  
The frost hath chipped my lettered stone;  
My very name from earth is gone.  
But in my bowler that knows not wo,  
The wild hedge rose and woodbine glow.  
And red-breasts sing of home to me;  
Come, mother, come—we wait for thee.

Like all true men on the earth, Ebenezer Elliott owes an inspiration to the glorious things of the creation. The harmony that makes such music, though springing from what seems the meanest and smallest weed unworthy false-styled wisdom's most passing glance, to him is the voice of God walking in the garden of the world, speaking to all honest and faithful hearts. Putting himself into the situation of a toil-worn boy, he in a lyric strain teaches what the fresh air and ruddy light can do in driving away all selfishness, while the high mind disregards the long weary months of toil past, and even the to-morrow with the same prospect of cruel labor, inadequately paid, the to-morrows interminably the same. This is the only description. What thoughts, what feelings the pictured scene calls up in the mind of man. This is knowledge, when the effect of the impression reaches to the source of action; otherwise assent is but the nod of dreaming sleep. And then how pious to give a soul to all created things, how immediately consequent from acknowledging their power. From the blood of Ajax there rose a sorrow-marked flower, as if the spirit of the hero yet could warn the nation to which he was once the fortress. In that Grecian camp there must have been honest men, who loved the flowers, and Ajax too. And in like way, the blood of the thousands of starved Englishmen, dried out by famine into the air, moulding itself into a plaintive song, or the perfume of a sad flower, comes from the heart of their brother. This simple poem might express their magnanimous wo.

#### HOLIDAY.

O blessed when some holiday  
Brings townsmen to the moor,  
And in the sunbeams brighten up  
The sad look of the poor.  
The bee puts on his richest gold,  
As if that worker knew  
How hardly and for little they  
Their sunless tasks pursue.  
But from their souls the sense of wrong  
On dove-like pinions flies;  
And throned o'er all, forgiveness sees  
His image in thine eyes.  
Soon tired, the street-born lad lies down  
On marjoram and thyme,  
And through his grating finger sees  
The falcon's flight sublime;  
Then his pale eyes, so bluely dull,  
Grow darkly blue with light.  
And his lips redden like the bloom  
O'er miles of mountain bright.  
The little lovely maiden hair  
Turns up its happy face,  
And saith unto the poor man's heart  
"Thou'rt welcome to this place."

The infant river leapeth free,  
Amid the branches tall,  
And cries FOREVER there is ONE  
Who reigneth over all;  
And unto Him, as unto me,  
Thou'rt welcome to partake  
His gift of light, His gift of air,  
O'er mountain, glen and lake.  
Our Father loves us, want-worn man!  
And know thou this from me:  
The pride that makes thy pain his couch,  
May wake to envy thee.  
Hard, hard to bear are want and toil,  
As thy worn features tell:  
But wealth is armed with fortitude,  
And bears thy sufferings well.

In one of his prefaces, Elliott says that there are many in Sheffield and Birmingham, good poets as he, echoing all his feelings, knowing as he does injustice and forgiveness. It may be so, but it seems that if a score of such spirits dwelt in England, the corn-laws would be dissolved in one peal of scornful laughter. Knowledge alone can guard liberty; on the watch-tower of our governmental Valhalla that watchful ken must be placed, that is sharp of hearing, even to the sound of the growing grass on the mountains, and when the insidious steps of cunning aggression are heard, the horn should waken echoes in every corner of the universe, and call the heroic to battle. Elliott is most learned, as his expression shows,—he modulates the British reed as Crabbe, Byron, Wordsworth, Burns, Milton, do. For learning is the learning of such men's modes of expression, not committing the Penny Magazine to memory, or swallowing Aristotle or Locke's theories upon the division of the human mind into bureaux and portfolios of ideas. It is impossible to learn aught but words, and Milton, in copying the mere style, might be considered a plagiarist from Homer. No—the ideas are stamped on the heart by the one Maker, and the only plagiarist is the one who repeats what he does not feel.

Enough has been quoted to awaken love, if you have the heart of man; indignation, if your imagination can cross the Atlantic to your suffering brethren; and hope and ardent prayer, that this epitaph may long remain uninscribed upon the tombstone of Ebenezer Elliott.

Stop, mortal! here thy brother lies,  
The poet of the Poor.  
His books were rivers, woods and skies,  
The meadow and the moor.  
His teachers were the torn heart's wail,  
The tyrant and the slave,  
The street, the factory, the jail,  
The palace, and the grave!  
The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,  
He feared to scorn or hate,  
And honored in a peasant's form  
The equal of the great.  
But if he loved the rich who make  
The poor man's little more,  
Ill could he praise the rich who take  
From plundered labor's store.  
A hand to do, a heart to plan,  
Tell man's worst woes, here lies the man  
Who drew them as they are.

A.

ORIGIN OF "THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT."—But how have we been able to refrain from saying a few words about the Cotter's Saturday night! How affecting Gilbert's account of its origin!—"Robert had often remarked to me, that he thought there was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase—"Let us worship God," used by a decent, sober head of a family. To this sentiment of the author the world is indebted for the Cotter's Saturday Night. The hint of the plan, and title of the poem were taken from Ferguson's Farmer's Ingle. When Robert had not some pleasure in view, in which I was not thought fit to participate, we used frequently to walk together when the weather was favorable, on Sunday afternoon, (those precious breathing times to the working

community) and enjoy such Sundays as would make me regret to see their numbers abridged. It was on one of those walks that I first had the pleasure of hearing the author repeat the Cotter's Saturday Night. I do not recollect to have heard anything by which I was more highly electrified." No wonder Gilbert was so highly electrified; for though he had heard and read many things of his brother Robert's of equal poetical power, not one of them all was so charged with those sacred influences which connect the human heart with heaven. It must have sounded like a very revelation of all the holiness for ever abiding in that familiar observance, but which custom, without impairing its efficacy, must often partially hide from the children of labor, when it is all the time helping to sustain them upon and above this earth. And this from the erring to the steadfast brother! From the troubled to the quiet spirit! out of a heart too often steeped in the waters of bitterness, issuing as from an unpolluted fountain, the inspiration of pious song. But its effect on innumerable hearts is now electrical—it inspires peace.

It is felt yet, and sadly changed will then be Scotland, if ever it be not felt, by every one who peruses it, to be a communication from brother to brother. It is felt by us, all through from beginning to end, to be Burns' Cotter's Sunday night. At each succeeding sweet or solemn stanza we more and more love the man—at its close we bless him as a benefactor; and if, as the picture fades, thoughts of sin and sorrow will arise, and will not be put down, let them as we hope for mercy, be of our own—not his; let us tremble for ourselves, as we hear a voice saying "Fear God and keep his commandments."—*Professor Wilson's Essay on Burns.*

#### DR. PUSEY IN DUBLIN.

To the Editor of the London Record.

SIR:—In the Morning Post of Monday, August 23, 1841, is the following very singular announcement:—"Five ladies were received on Friday morning into the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Baggot-street. There were present Dr. Murray, Rev. Mr. Meyler, Rev. Mr. O'Connell, Rev. Dr. Pusey and family. \* \* \* An animated and very interesting conversation, touching the fundamental points of Catholic doctrine, took place between the Rev. Dr. Pusey and the Rev. Messrs. Meyler and O'Connell."

It would be interesting to know the nature of this conversation; but at all events, it seems rather strange that clergymen of the Established Church should appear to sanction by their presence ceremonies and doctrines in direct opposition to their own (professed) principles.

When Englishmen travel into foreign countries, it may be all very well that they should witness proceedings of this description, for in that position they give scandal to no one, because it is perfectly well understood by all that they are present merely out of curiosity as spectators; but when this is done in England, the place where their regular functions as clergymen are supposed to be discharged, without any explanation of the why and the wherefore, and the circumstances under which it took place, I think it is calculated to give offence and scandal, and therefore requires to be noticed with reprobation.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A LOOKER ON.

PLEASURE in moderation, is the cordial—in excess, it is the bane of life.—*Blair.*



## TO OUR READERS.

It is our intention to make some improvements in the next volume of the Record. We are urged by many of our friends at the South, Southwest and West, to print our paper on one sheet, as the postage for the Record in its present form is considered by some as too great a tax, and by others as a serious impediment to an increased circulation abroad. Willing at all times to listen to the advice of our friends, we therefore purpose, after the expiration of the present volume, though retaining the quarto form, to increase the size of the paper, and instead of giving twelve, to print only eight pages, and those on a larger sheet, to obviate all objections to postage. The amount of matter, however, will not be reduced, as the paper in the contemplated form will contain quite as much as is now given. We shall continue to print it on the same quality of paper as heretofore.

We take this occasion to express to our friends our thanks for the very liberal patronage we have received in our enterprise. Our subscription is sufficiently ample to secure the permanency of the publication, and what is almost unprecedented in newspaper annals, by far the larger portion of our subscribers have promptly paid their subscriptions. With such an earnest of the good wishes of our friends, we shall endeavor to make the next volume in every respect worthy of the very generous encouragement we have received.

**BISHOP MOORE.**—We had the gratification of hearing this distinguished prelate and venerable Christian preach on Sunday morning before the last, (Sept. 26,) in the church of St. Stephen—one of the first in which he ever ministered.

This excellent man is now upwards of eighty years of age, and though in his trembling hand and faltering tones you perceive the traits of "old," yet is not his heart cold in the service of his Maker, nor his understanding dulled by the pressure of worldly circumstance, or the passage of many years. Without any pretension to extraordinary powers of declamation, (a gift limited to so few of our clergy, and indeed to our public speakers of every description,) the preaching of Bishop Moore, even in the present decay of his physical powers, is marked by an emphasis and an impressive earnestness, that assure the hearer of the pure mind and incorrupt heart of his spiritual guide. He has all the dignity of the Apostolic Bishop, superadded to the gentle humility of the confiding Christian, and heightened by the courteous amenity of the gentleman of the last age. The conclusion of his sermon was delivered in the form of a farewell address, and though a long series of services and works of piety would seem in consonance with the decrees of nature, to promise this good old man rest and lasting peace, yet we trust to hear again that imploring voice of sincere expostulation, calling on his beloved friends to remember the claims of God and their natural heritage in heaven.

**A HINT TO THE LITERATI.**—Among literary men, the gift of bearing to be contradicted is, generally speaking, possessed only by the dead. I will not go so far as to assert that for the sake of possessing it, we ought to wish ourselves dead, for that is a price at which even higher perfections would be too dearly purchased. I will only say that it would be well if living authors would learn to be externally somewhat dead. The time will come when they must leave behind them a posterity who will sever every thing accidental from their reputation, and will be withheld by no

reverence from laughing at their faults. Why can they not learn to endure by anticipation this posterity, which every now and then reveals itself, heedless whether they think it envious or unmanly.—[Lessing.]

## Anthology.

## CRANMER.\*

Outstretching flame-ward his upbraided hand  
(O God of mercy, may so earthly suit  
Of judgment, such presumptuous doom repeat!)  
Amid the shudd'ring throng doth Cranmer stand;  
Firm as the stake to which with iron band  
His frame is tied; firm from the naked feet  
To the bare head, the victory complete;  
The shrouded body to the soul's command,  
Answering with more than Indian fortitude,  
Through all her nerves with finer sense endued,  
Till breath departs in blissful aspiration:  
Then mid the ghastly ruins of the fire,  
Behold the unalterable heart entire,  
Emblem of faith untouch'd, miraculous attestation!

Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Sketches.

As an appropriate pendant to the above, we copy the noble sonnet on

## LATIMER AND RIDLEY.

How fast the Marian death list is unrolled!  
See Latimer and Ridley in the night  
Of faith, stand coupled for a common fight!  
One (like those Prophets whom God sent of old)  
Transfigured, from this kindling hair foretold  
A torch of inextinguishable light.  
The other joins a confidence as bold;  
And thus they foil their enemies despite  
The penal instruments, the shows of crime,  
Are glorified, while this once unidit pair  
Of saintly friends, "the Martherus" chain partake,  
Cursed and burning at the social stake."  
Earth never witnessed object more sublime  
In constancy, in fellowship more fair!

\*The above sonnets should have accompanied a former historical article on Cranmer.

† M. Latimer very quietly suffered his keeper to pull off his hose and his other array, which to look unto was very simple; and being stripped into his shroud, he seemed as comely a person to them that were present as one should lightly see; and whereas in his clothes he appeared a withered and crooked, silly, (vreak) old man, he now stood bolt upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold. \* \* \* Then they brought a faggot, kindled with fire and laid the same down to Doctor Ridley's feet. To whom M. Latimer spoke in this manner: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man, we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never be put out!"

Fox's Acts &c.

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